

CRIME
and
JUSTICE

W. W. CAPITOL
PUBLICATION

10¢
COC

NO. 13

WE'VE ESCAPED
THEM. CURTIS' I'LL UNTIE
THOSE ROPES AS
SOON AS WE
GET OUTSIDE.

M. Loe
MURRAY

[illegible]

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CRIME AND JUSTICE

A MR. & MRS. CHASE NOVELLETTE.

DEATH'S MACE

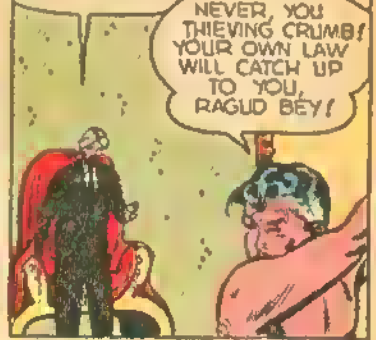
NOW THAT ALL MY SUBJECTS ARE PRESENT AND MAY VIEW THIS SACRILEGIOUS INFIDEL, WE SHALL RESUME THE TORTURE THAT WILL LEAD TO HIS WELL DESERVED **DEATH!**

THIS ACCURSED ONE HAS STOLEN THE HOLY MACE FROM THE TEMPLE OF KORAN, AND UNLESS HE REVEALS ITS HIDING PLACE BY SUNRISE, HE WILL BE FED TO THE COBRAS!



MR. CURTIS CHASE.. IT IS NOW UP TO **YOU!**

NEVER, YOU THIEVING CRUMB! YOUR OWN LAW WILL CATCH UP TO YOU, RAGUD BEY!



IT ALL STARTED WHEN RAGUD BEY DECIDED TO BECOME THE ALMIGHTY RULER OF INDIA BY POSSESSING THE JEWEL - ENCRUSTED HOLY MACE, WHICH WOULD GIVE HIM THE POWER OF COMMANDING ITS RELIGIOUS FOLLOWERS...

THE LEGEND SAYS DEATH WILL COME TO ANY MORTAL WHO WOULD MAKE THE MACE HIS .. BUT THAT IS PURE ROT! AFTER I HAVE CONQUERED INDIA WITH THE HELP OF THE STUPID WORSHIPPERS OF THE MACE, I WILL MAKE YOU PRINCE OF KAMDIR. NOW DOES THAT SUIT YOU, BROTHER SALAG?



SPLENDID MY BROTHER! NOTHING WOULD PLEASE ME MORE.

PRINCE OF KAMDIR .. **BAH!** WHY SHOULD I SETTLE FOR ONE LITTLE PROVINCE WHEN I CAN HAVE IT **ALL!**

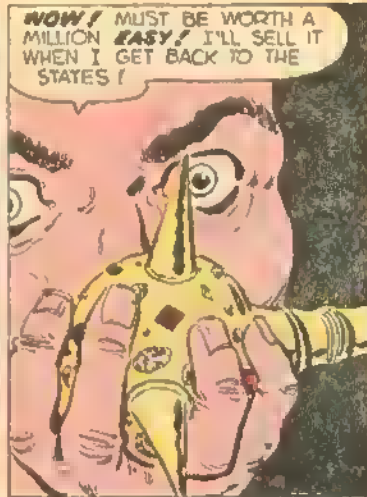
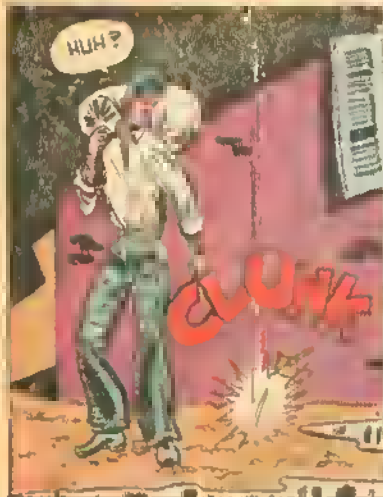


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SO IT WAS THAT SALAG BEY, RAGUD'S YOUNGER BROTHER, STOLE THE MACE FROM THE TEMPLE JUST BEFORE RAGUD SET THE ZERO HOUR FOR THE COUP.



BUT IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE RAGUD DISCOVERED THE TREACHERY AND HAD HIS MEN ON THE LOOKOUT FOR SALAG, THEN IN A WATERFRONT HIDING PLACE...

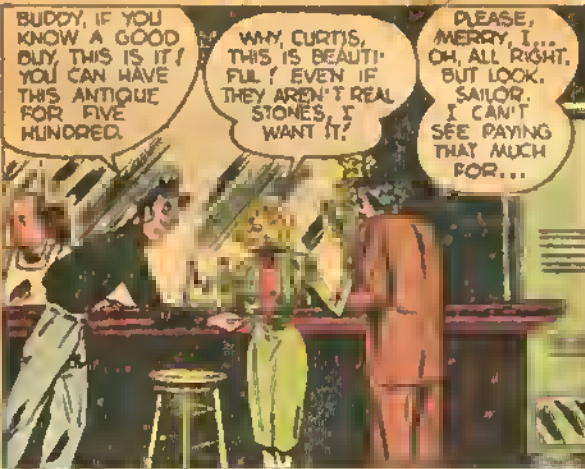


AS THE SEAMAN BOARDS HIS TRAMP STEAMER...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

WHEN MERRY AND CURTIS WERE SLUMMING ALONG THE WATERFRONT ON THIS NIGHT, ENTER THE BAR, THE SEAMAN SIDLES ALONGSIDE THEM...



BUDDY, IF YOU KNOW A GOOD BUY, THIS IS IT! YOU CAN HAVE THIS ANTIQUE FOR FIVE HUNDRED.

WHY, CURTIS, THIS IS BEAUTIFUL! EVEN IF THEY AREN'T REAL STONES, I WANT IT!

PLEASE, MERRY, I... OH, ALL RIGHT, BUT LOOK, SAILOR. I CAN'T SEE PAYING THAT MUCH FOR...

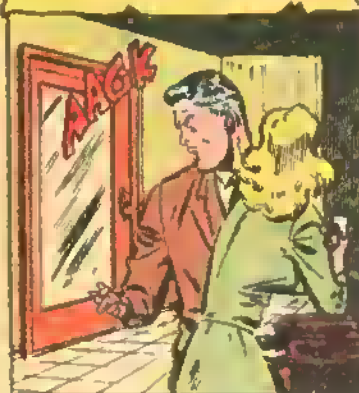
OKAY, THREE C'S!

GIVE HIM THE MONEY, CURTIS.

A MAN DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE NOWADAYS...



NO SOONER WAS THE TRANSACTION COMPLETED THAN THE SAILOR LEFT... FOLLOWED BY THE THREE "CHARACTERS". THEN...



COME ON, MERRY! THAT SAILOR IS BEING ROLLED FOR THAT MONEY!



DEAD! BUT THE MONEY'S ALL HERE! THE WAY THEY CUT HIM UP LOOKS MORE LIKE A REVENGE KILLING!

WELL, LET THE POLICE HANDLE THIS, MR. CURTIS. CHASE! IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH US!



TWO DAYS LATER THE PHONE RINGS IN THE CHASE APARTMENT.



HELLO?

YOU WILL PLEASE TELL MR. CHASE THAT IF HE DOESN'T DELIVER THAT MACE TO THE MAN WHO CALLS FOR IT, HE WILL MEET A MOST UNTIMELY END. >CLICK!<

WHAT WILL WE DO, CURTIS? IT WAS THAT ANTIQUE THEY WERE AFTER WHEN THEY KILLED THE SAILOR!

I'M GOING TO SEE PROFESSOR CLAY, MAYBE HE CAN TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THIS.

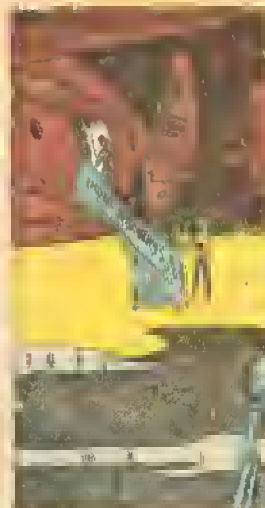
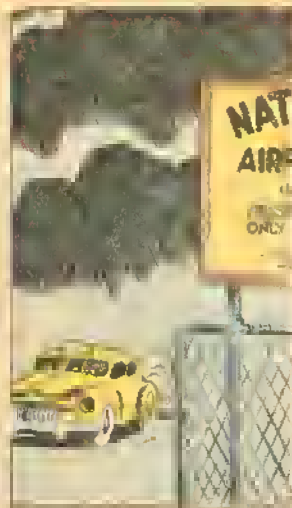
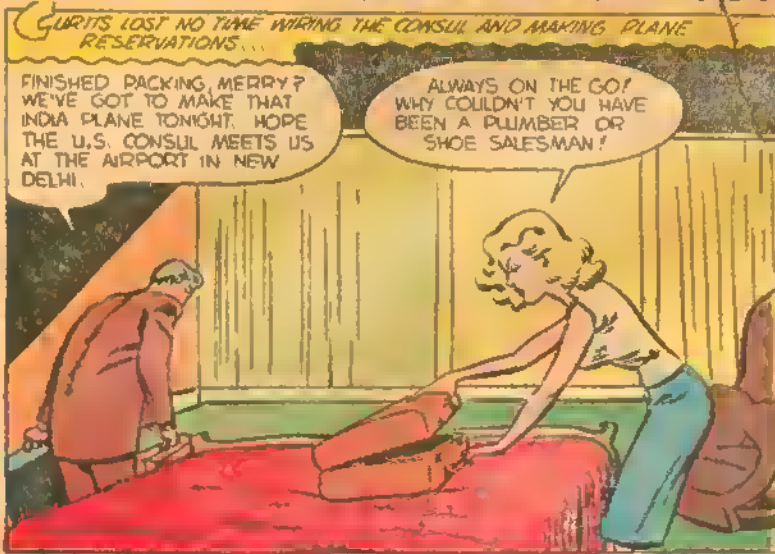


A HALF HOUR LATER IN PROFESSOR CLAY'S APARTMENT...

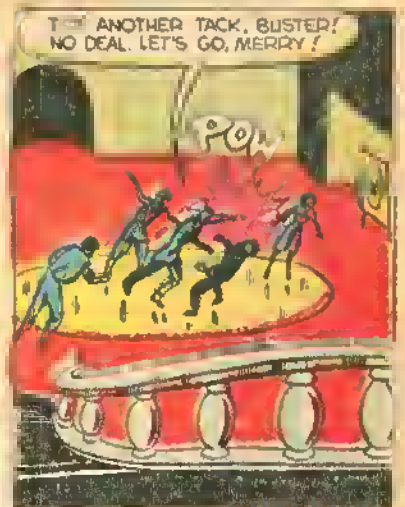
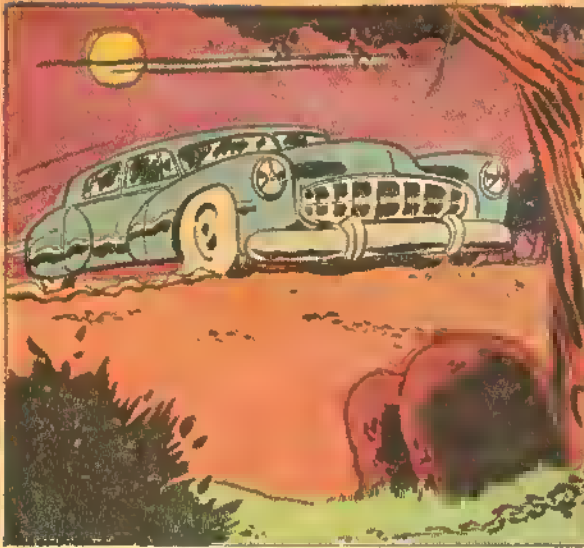
ABOUT ALL I CAN TELL YOU, CURTIS, IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE THEN GET IN TOUCH WITH THE U.S. CONSUL IN INDIA AND GET THIS BACK TO THE TEMPLE OF KORAN. IT'S A SAFE GUESS THEY'VE ALREADY DISCOVERED IT MISSING AND ARE OUT FOR THE BLOOD OF WHOEVER IS IN POSSESSION OF IT!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



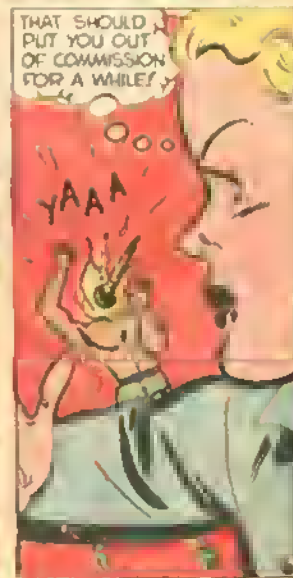
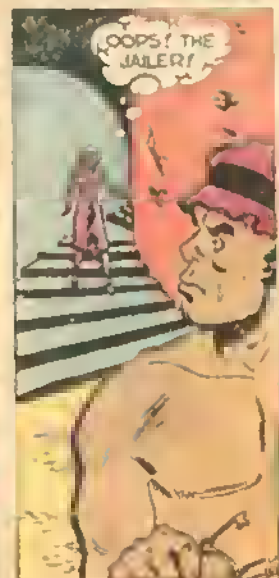
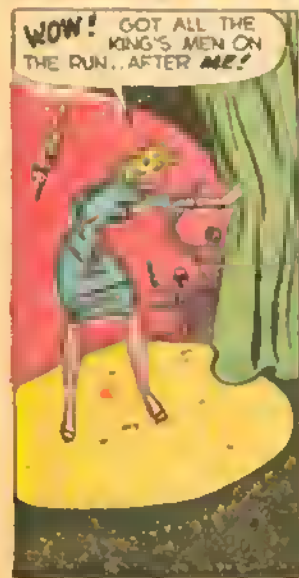
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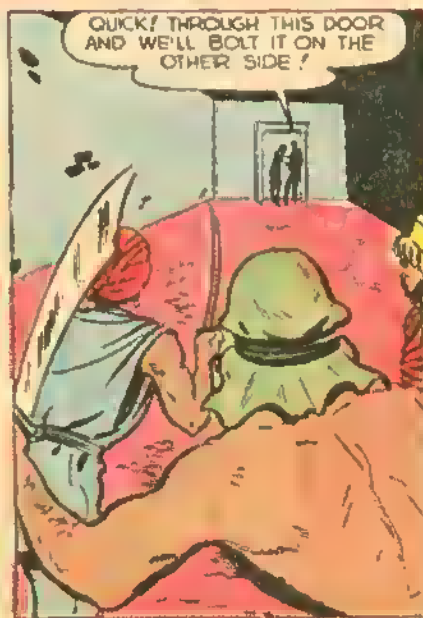
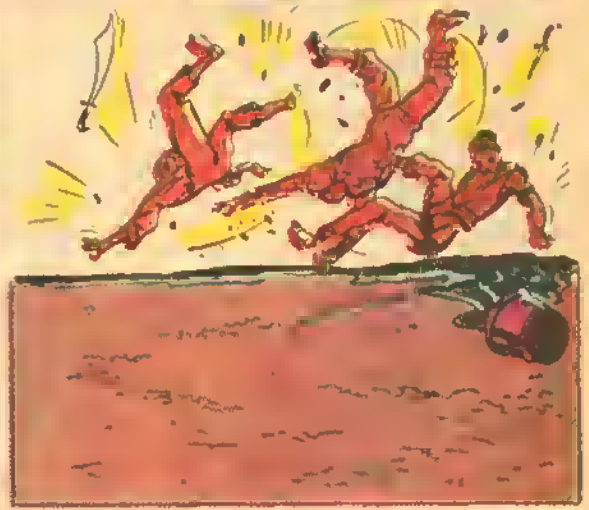
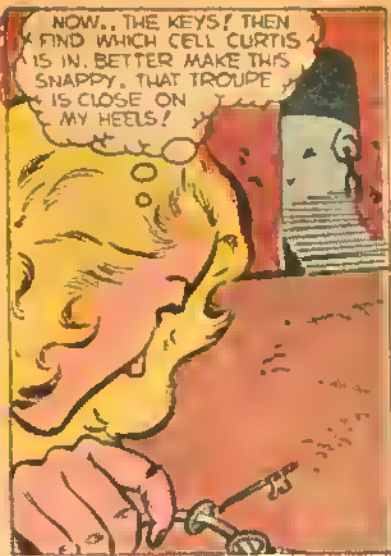
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AS MERRY WAS BEING LED UP THE OLD CASTLE STAIRWAYS...



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



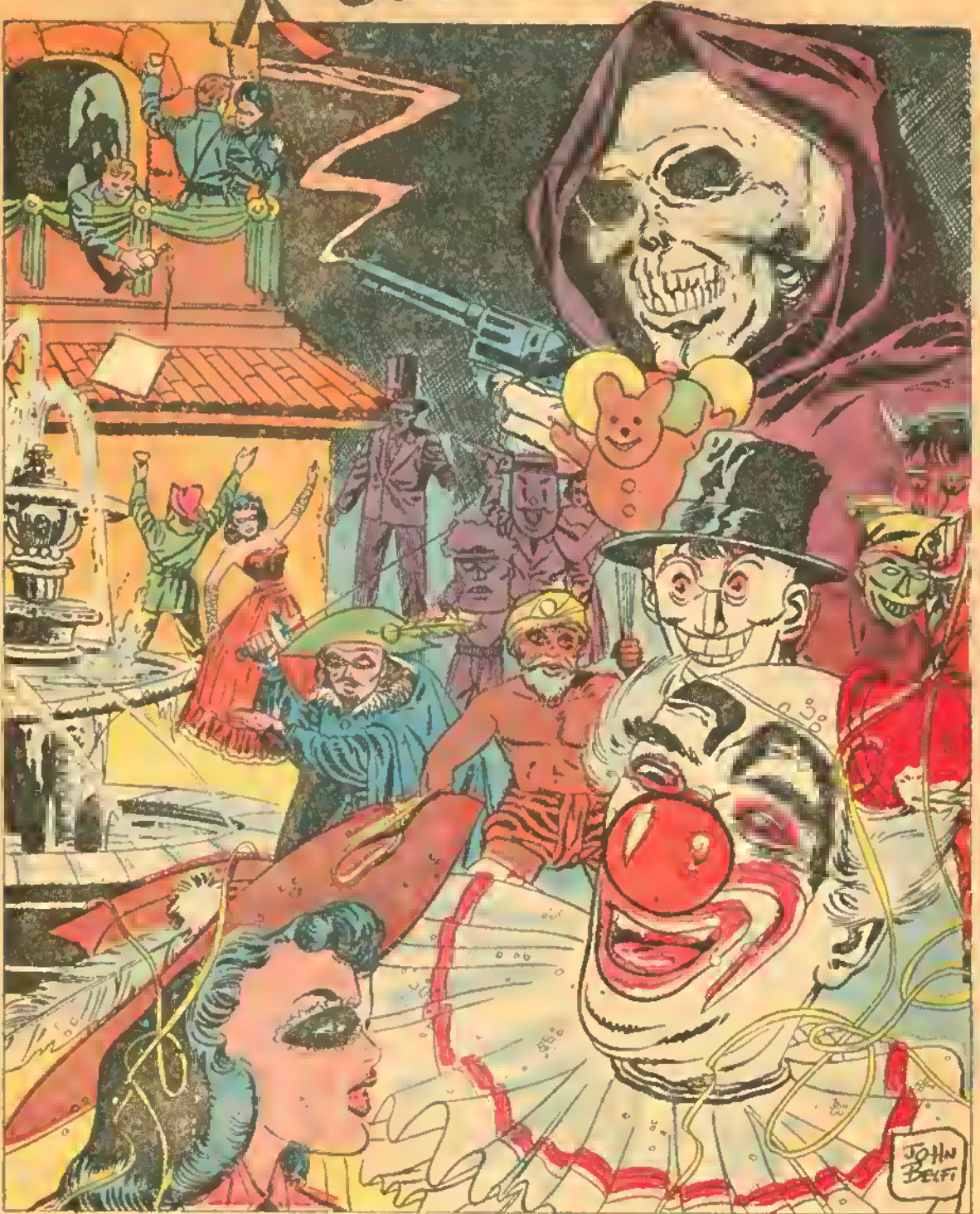
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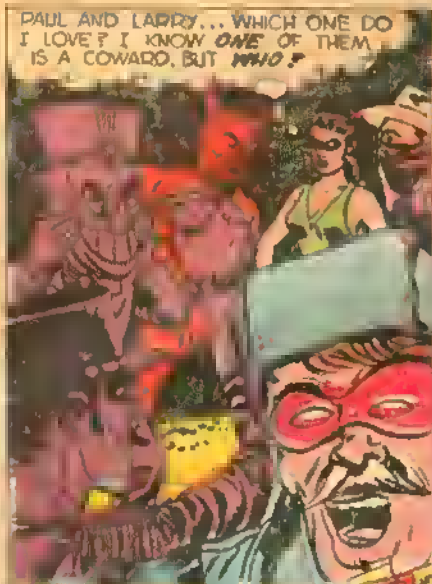
RUSSIAN

Roulette!

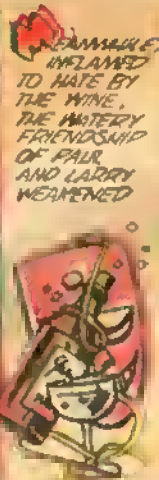
IT WAS MARDI GRAS
IN NEW ORLEANS, A
TIME FOR LOVE AND
FROLIC, BUT IN A
SMALL CAFE HATE
AND DEATH
TOASTED EACH
OTHER AS TWO MEN
WERE DESTINED TO
PLAY THE DEADLY
GAME OF...



CRIME AND JUSTICE



PAUL AND LARRY... WHICH ONE DO I LOVE? I KNOW ONE OF THEM IS A COWARD, BUT WHO?



REMARKABLE INFLAMED TO HATE BY THE WINE, THE HOSTERY FRIENDSHIP OF PAUL AND LARRY WEAKENED



I'LL WIN SHEILA... I'M GAMBLING ALLWAYS PAYS

WHY YOU... I'LL GAMBLE ALL RIGHT, AND RIGHT ON YOUR CHIN!

PAUL... LARRY? HOW DARE YOU FIGHT OVER ME LIKE THIS! I'M NOT A RACE HORSE FOR YOU TO GAMBLE ON! STOP IT AND LET'S TALK THIS THING OVER!

WHEN TEMPORARY PEACE... DECLARED, BUT SECRETLY REVOKED...

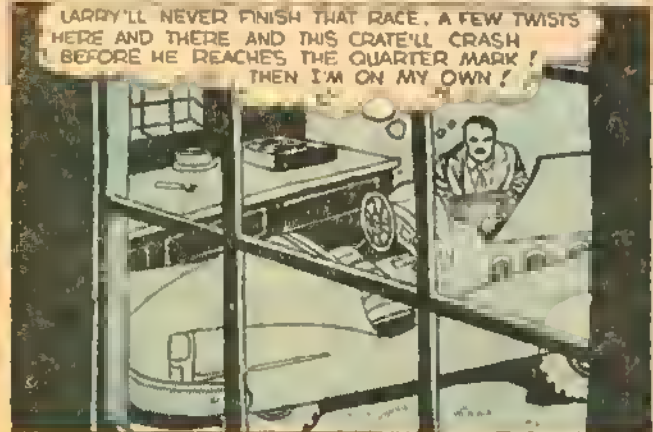
NOW GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU HAVE TO PROVE YOURSELF TO ME, LARRY, THAT YOU'RE AN ADULT. IF YOU WIN THE AUTO RACE AT THE SPEEDWAY, THAT'LL HELP.

THAT'S EASY! I'VE RACED BEFORE... BUT WHAT ABOUT PAUL?

PAUL HAS HIS FLAT BOAT, DOESN'T HE? WELL, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A REALLY GOOD ALLIGATOR BAG. LET HIM CATCH ONE OF THE BEASTS. HE'S ALWAYS BRAGGING THAT HE CAN... CATCH AN ALLIGATOR? WHY... WHY SURE, SHEILA! I'LL SKIN HIM ALIVE!



THE TWO MEN SALENTLY VOWED THAT ONE OF THEM WOULD BE DEAD BEFORE THE TESTS WERE FINISHED. AND AS BOTH WELL KNEW, THE ONLY WAY TO WIN A BET WAS TO FIX THE MACHINE... SO LATER THAT NIGHT...



LARRY'LL NEVER FINISH THAT RACE. A FEW TWISTS HERE AND THERE AND THIS CRATE'LL CRASH BEFORE HE REACHES THE QUARTER MARK! THEN I'M ON MY OWN!



WHAT A CASKET FOR GOOD OLD LARRY! THE KING-PIN BUSHINGS IN THE WHEELS CAN'T LAST MORE THAN A HUNDRED MILES. HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS HEAP ALIVE!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

THE NEXT DAY AT THE SPEEDWAY, MARDI GRAS AGAIN HELD SWAY. ANYTHING FOR A THRILL AS THE REVELERS WAITED FOR THE STARTING GUN.



AND AT THE STARTING LINE A TENSE LARRY WAITED FOR THE GUN.

NO, SAM, THERE ISN'T TIME TO CHECK THE CAR. WE'VE ONLY TWO MINUTES. SHE'S OKAY. I CHECKED HER YESTER-DAY!

OKAY, BOSS, BUT I GOT A FUNNY FEELING, AND I THINK YOU'RE NUTS!

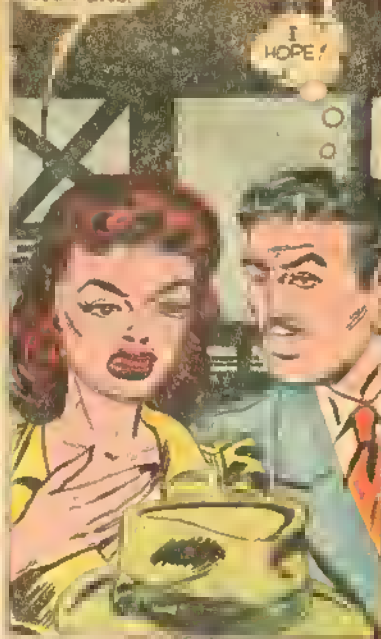


SITTING IN THE STANDS, SHEILA WAS FRIGHTENED, BUT PAUL WAS SECRETLY EXULTANT...

OH, PAUL, I WISH I HADN'T URGED... SUPPOSE SOMETHING HAPPENS!

DON'T WORRY, SHEILA! THE DEVIL LOOKS AFTER HIS OWN!

I HOPE!



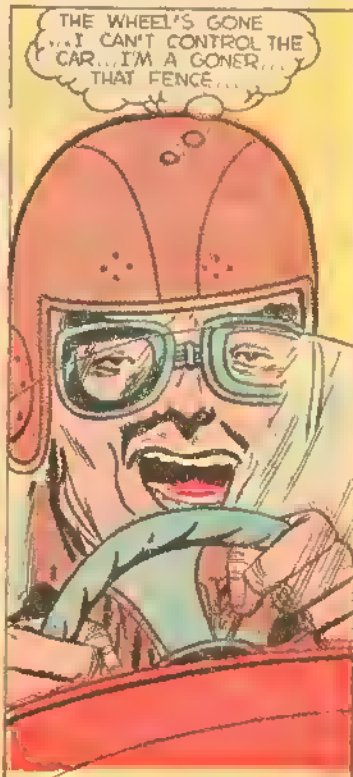
LARRY PULLED AHEAD, BUT LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER...

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE WHEEL... IT WON'T...

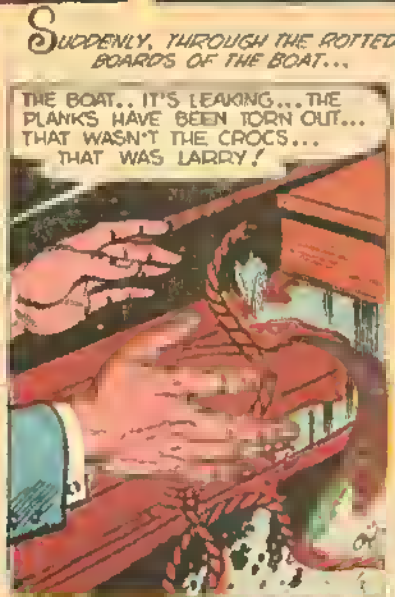


SUDDENLY, AN INKING OF DISASTER FROZE LARRY'S HAND TO THE WHEEL...

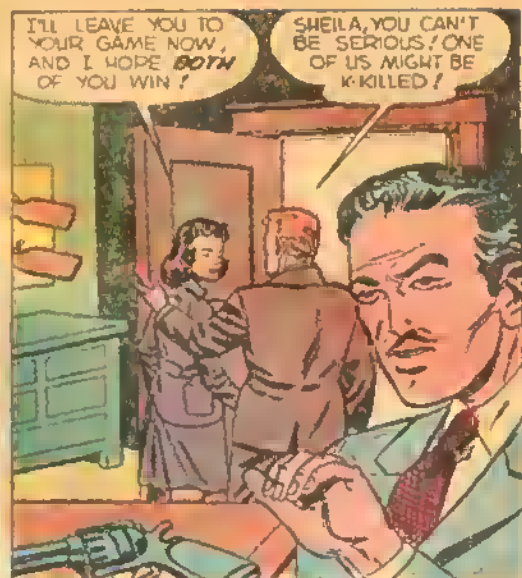
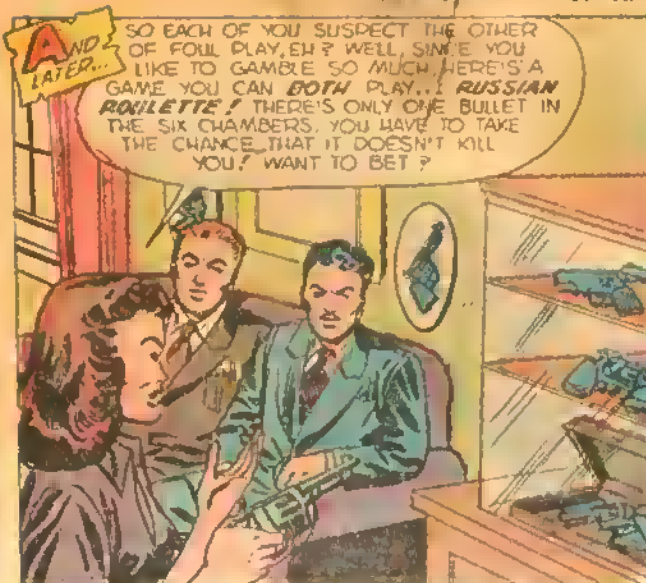
THE WHEEL'S GONE... I CAN'T CONTROL THE CAR... I'M A GONER... THAT FENCE...



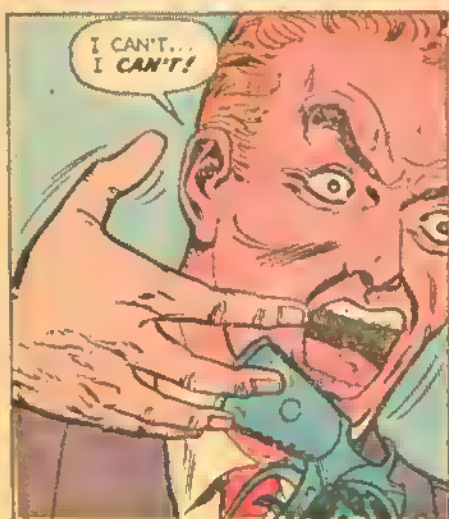
CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



THEN, BEFORE LARRY'S EYES, FLASHED ALL THE GOOD THINGS IN LIFE... ALL THAT HE WOULD MISS IF THE BULLET WAS MARKED FOR HIM. ALL HE WANTED WHEN THE BET WAS A "SURE THING."



CRIME AND JUSTICE

BUT BEFORE PULLING THE TRIGGER, PAUL RAISES HIS ARM SLIGHTLY AWAY FROM HIS HEAD TO PREVENT POWDER BURNS...

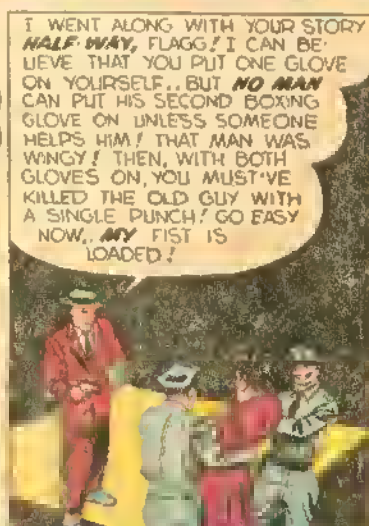
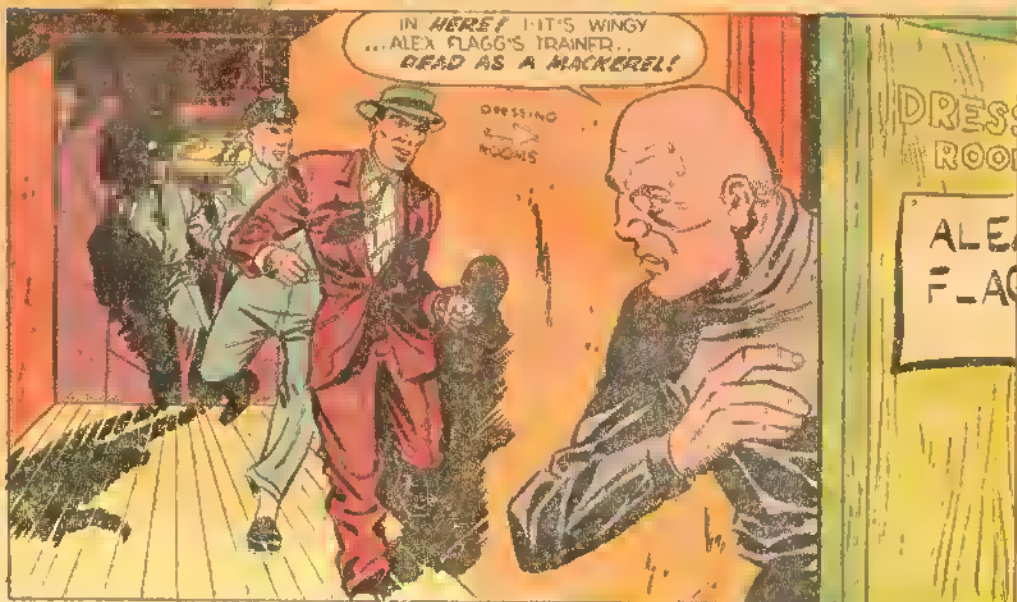


The End

CRIME AND JUSTICE

A COMPLETE
SELL-OUT THE
NIGHT OF THE
BIG HEAVY-
WEIGHT FIGHT,
PLUS A CORPSE
IN A DRESS-
ING ROOM
UNDER THE
STADIUM, ADDED
UP TO A...

HALF WAY ALIBI



THE JUDGE

TELLS A STORY

Tomorrow, His Honor, Judge Arthur J. Haskell would reach the statutory age for retirement. There would be a week of dinners for him. The Court Attendants were going to give him an affair at Monte's Place. The Bar Association was going to hold a dinner at the Plozo. And the various clubs and organizations to which he belonged, were going to honor him.

"He certainly doesn't seem seventy," remarked Joe Kridel, one of the court attendants. "They say he can even play a set of tennis with his grandson. He'll be here any minute. Philip Plath is in the outer room with an officer. He comes up for sentencing. And his young wife is with him. What do you think the judge will do?"

"Bet you twenty to one," answered another court attendant, "that he gives him a suspended sentence and tells him the gun story. He's told that story so many times I bet he even believes it himself. But you have to admit it is very effective with these first offenders. Keeps them on the straight and narrow path I think the judge is coming in right now."

The door to his private chambers opened and in walked a tall and erect man. His hair was snow white and there was an aristocratic appearance about him. It was a summer day and he signaled to Joe.

"Get me my robe for the last time. Then send for Mr. Plath and permit his wife to accompany him here. I will discuss his case in my chambers."

The young man standing in front of the judge was visibly nervous. He shifted from one foot to another and then began to move his fingers. His young wife stood at his side and then took his right hand in an effort to

steady him. Only Joe Kridel was present as the other court attendant was in another room with the police officer.

"The verdict of the jury last Monday was that you were guilty. In this state an attempted robbery, even with a toy gun, is a felony. Under the laws of this state it is my duty to pass sentence upon you, taking into consideration the fact that the jury recommended clemency in your case. I want to ask you one question. Why did you attempt to hold up that cigar store?"

"I don't think you would understand," said Anne Plath as she saw words were unable to pass her husband's lips. "But I was ill and my husband had been out of work for three months. We didn't have a dime in the house. He found that toy gun on the street and was so desperate he tried to hold up the proprietor of that store. He failed because a plainclothesman was walking by the store. My husband was punished. He will never walk the same as the result of the bullet in his left leg. Must you send him to jail?"

"I find I must correct your first statement," said His Honor. "You said you didn't think I would understand. That is not correct for a very simple reason. I once tried to hold up a store with a gun myself."

It was so unexpected that Philip Plath thought his ears were deceiving him. His wife showed by her facial expression how bewildered she was. The judge said nothing for a few minutes to heighten the dramatic effect he had produced.

Joe Kridel didn't blink an eyelid. He merely stood still as though he were some kind of a statue. But he thought to himself the same

thing he had thought on previous and similar occasions.

"Now he is going to tell that story. Never varies a word of it. Wonder where he ever got the idea for it? If I had enough nerve I would ask him. But give His Honor credit. It will keep that kid on the right path."

"Fifty years ago," began Judge Arthur J. Haskell, "I lived in a small western town called Haines Crossing. Today it is nothing more than a ghost town. But in those days it was an important place. Cattle men and miners would meet there. Work was hard to get in that town as there was always more men looking for jobs than were available. I had a crippled father and we were down to our last dollar. I was willing to do any kind of work but just couldn't seem to get it. I went to the Bor-H ranch and what do you think they told me? That they had just laid off ten men the day before. Then I went to the Deep Silver Mine and asked for any kind of work. The foreman laughed. He told me that they were closing the mine for several months and keeping only a skeleton crew. I passed by the bank and got an idea. It would be very simple to stick a gun in the cashier's face and take his money. Everyone in town knew that Don Green had the heart of a chicken. As for Old Man Petersen he would probably drop dead of heart failure if he saw a gun in his bank. My dad had an old .44 in his trunk. I took it out and oiled it thoroughly. There was a box of cartridges and I filled the chambers of that gun. Then I put some extra bullets in my pockets just in case I might have to shoot it out with some of the citizens. At ten the next morning I entered the bank ready to hold it up. And what do you think happened?"

Philp Ploth and his wife were taking in every word that the Judge was saying. And they had no time to answer that question of his because His Honor continued speaking.

"Just as I went in to hold up the bank, the three worst men in the West also entered. Pete Morgan, Dave Gilley and Tom Jenkins were there to clean out the bank. I had my right side to the counter and in my hand was my gun. And then I heard Pete Morgan speak to his two men.

"Take all the money then shoot them down. Let the name of Pete Morgan be one that will always be feared in the West."

I had no choice. If I was going to die I might as well do it fighting. So I spun around with the gun blazing in my hand. I emptied every chamber in that gun. They hit me and I still have the lead in my body. I went out cold and when I recovered I was in a hospital. For six months I didn't move an inch but I lived and became strong again."

His Honor stopped and coughed for a second. Now would come the final part of his story.

"They collected a large fund of money for me. In addition I received several rewards for killing those bandits. I tried my best to tell the truth but they wouldn't believe me. They made me town marshal. Later Mr. Petersen suggested I study law which I did. For several years I was a United States Marshal. Then I became a judge and have been one ever since. But I can understand very easily just what led you to crime. One thing I want to make clear. There is no excuse for turning to crime regardless of the reason. That is the way our society is organized and must continue upon that basis. Now I will sentence you."

His Honor looked at the young man before him and the wife who was now crying. Justice must be tempered with mercy.

"According to the law of this state I must sentence you to a term of not less than five nor more than ten years in the state penitentiary. However I suspend this sentence and release you in the custody of your wife. Good luck to both of you!"

His Honor was about to enter his car when he thought of something. He handed a key to Joe Kridel and told him what he had forgotten.

"In the last closet to the right you'll find an old brown paper valise. Bring it to me as I want to keep it with me at home. Now please hurry."

Joe fumbled with the key in the lock and finally opened the door. In this closet were kept personal things and none of the attendants ever opened it. Joe lifted the valise and stumbled. The old bag gave and out onto the floor fell several items. There was an old .44 colt, a town marshal's badge and a U.S. marshal's badge. Hail aloud the court attendant mumbled just one sentence.

"The Judge's story is true!"

THE END

CRIME AND JUSTICE



MARILYN TOBE HAD BEEN NURSING WEALTHY AND CANTANKEROUS MAUDE BASCOM, WHEEL CHAIR INVALID, FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS.. SILENTLY CURSING, LOOKING FORWARD TO THE DAY WHEN THE OLD MAID WOULD DIE. BUT FATE RULED OTHERWISE, AND SHE FOUND HERSELF TRAPPED MORE TIGHTLY THAN EVER IN A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF MURDER...

The SOLILOQUY OF DEATH



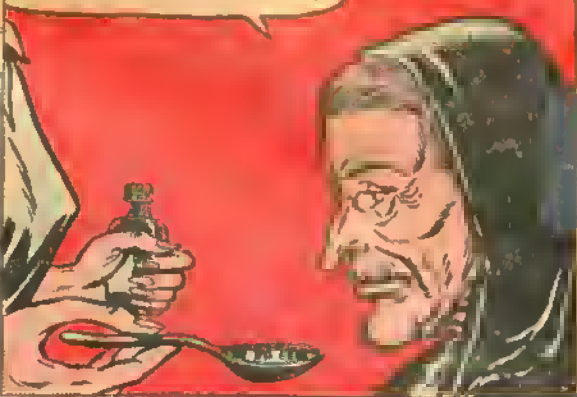
CRIME AND JUSTICE

HARRY'S IN TROUBLE AGAIN... HE MUST HAVE BEEN PLAYING THE HORSES!

I'M COMING, MISS BASCOM, I'LL HAVE YOUR MEDICINE IN A JIFFY!

HUMPH... AND ABOUT TIME! HURRY NOW, I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU... A **REAL** SURPRISE!

TOO BAD YOU'RE NOT MORE INTERESTED IN THE CLASSICS, MY CHILD... SHAKESPEARE FOR INSTANCE... BUT NO MATTER, I'VE COME TO THE DECISION THAT YOU'VE EARNED A REWARD... AS YOU KNOW, YOU'RE DOWN FOR A SMALL BEQUEST IN MY WILL WITH THE BALANCE GOING TO MY NEPHEW, GEORGE BASCOM. WELL, I'M GOING TO CHANGE THAT TONIGHT...

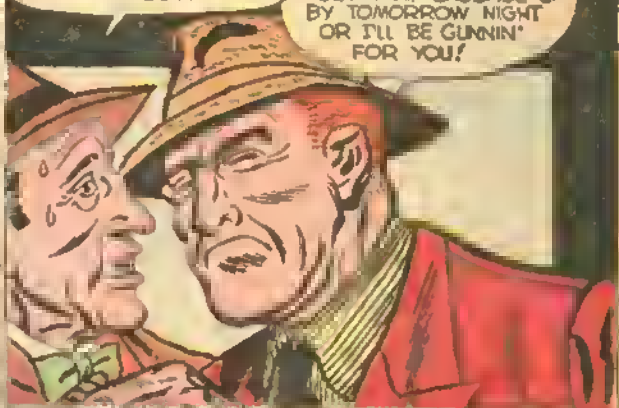


GEORGE HAS BEEN NEGLECTING ME OF LATE... AND I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET **HALF** OF THE INHERITANCE! NOW STOP YOUR SILLY SNIVELLING AND LET ME GET BACK TO READING HAMLET!

NURSE TOBE GASPED... AND THE FIRST GLINT OF "MURDER" LIGHTED HER EYES! MEANWHILE, HER BROTHER WAS HAVING HIS TROUBLES...

WHEY, HOLD ON! I JUST SPOKE TO MY SISTER... SHE'S GONNA SEE WHAT SHE CAN DO ABOUT GETTIN' THE DOUGH! IT'S ONLY A COUPLE O' HUNDRED...

LISSEN, WISE GUY! PINELL'S TH' BOSS, AND HE DON'T LIKE NO WELSHIN' ON BETS! GET THAT CABBAGE UP BY TOMORROW NIGHT OR I'LL BE GUNNIN' FOR YOU!

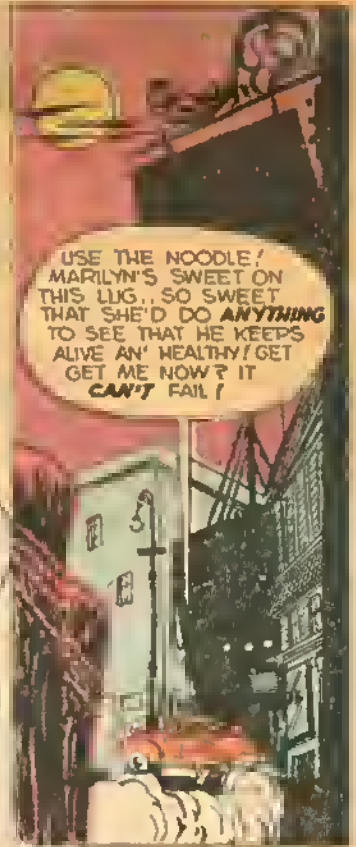


AND LATER, ALONG THE DARKENED WATERFRONT...

SHH, THAT'S HIM, BILL RASON, TH' DOCK WORKER MY SISTER'S SWEET ON! DON'T FLUB THIS, BOYS... I WANT TO STICK AROUND FOR A WHILE!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



YES, HARRY HAD PLANNED WELL AND LATER THE NEXT DAY, WHEN HE CALLED HIS SISTER...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

THERE, IT'S DONE AT LAST! FIRST I'LL FIND HER MONEY, THEN SET THE SCENE FOR DEAR NEPHEW BASCOM. IF THINGS WORK OUT RIGHT, HE'LL NEVER GET HIS HALF OF THE INHERITANCE, BUT I'LL GET MINE!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THAT WHISKEY BOTTLE, PLUS HIS WATCH HE LEFT HERE SOME TIME AGO SHOULD TURN THE TRICK! AFTER ALL, EVERYONE KNOWS GEORGE BASCOM'S A DRINKER.. AND THAT HE'D DO ANYTHING FOR LIQUOR! SO LONG, MISS MAUDE BASCOM, SLEEP TIGHT!



HOW CAREFULLY MARILYN TOBE HAD PLANNED! AN 'ANONYMOUS' CALL SENT THE POLICE SCURRYING TO THE APARTMENT, WHILE SHE JOINED HER BROTHER IN HER OWN PLACE. IT WAS NEATLY FIGURED OUT.. EACH WOULD GIVE THE OTHER AN ALIBI!



LOOKS LIKE AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE. A COUPLE OF YOU GO GET GEORGE BASCOM AND BRING HIM HERE!



HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA, I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING EXCEPT HAVE A FEW DRINKS ... OH! AUNT MAUDE! SOMEBODY KILLED HER!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, CHUM, AND WE'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHO DID IT! CARE TO TALK NOW?



OKAY.. OKAY, DON'T TALK!

THAT BOOK ON HER LAP.. SHE LEFT A CLUE TO THE KILLER! SHE WAS ABLE TO SCRIBBLE SOMETHING BEFORE SHE DIED, BUT IF I TOLD THE POLICE THEY'D THINK ME CRAZY! ONLY ONE THING TO DO, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT FOR MYSELF!



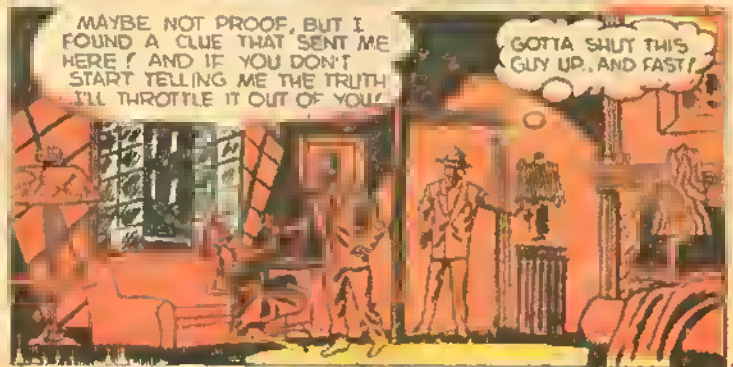
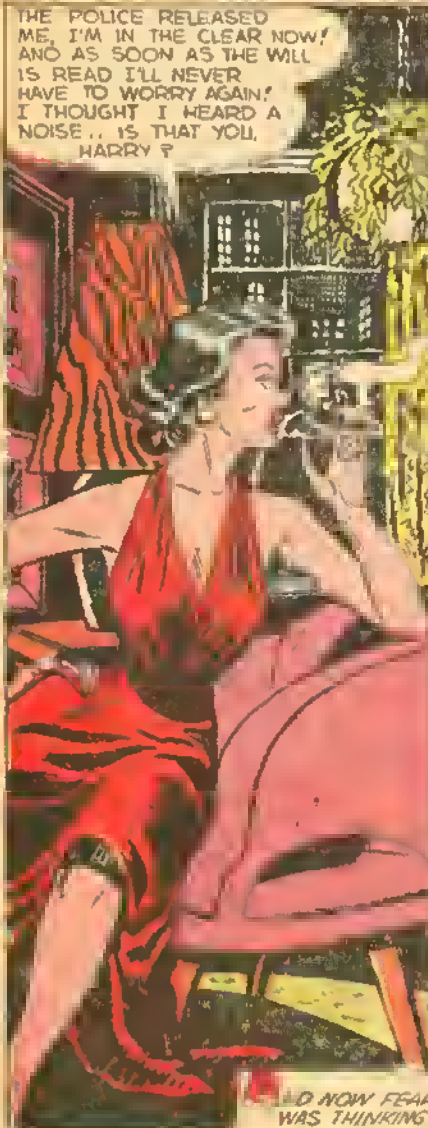
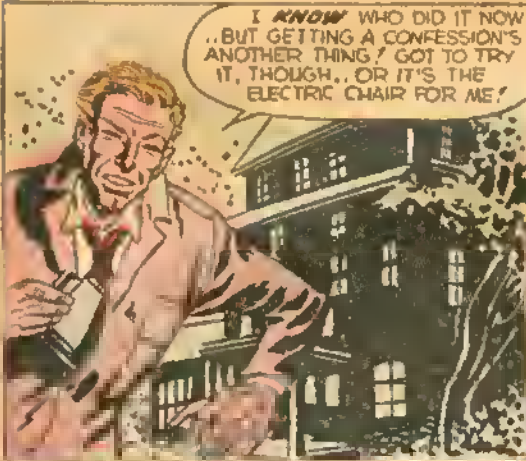
WATCH IT! THAT CRAZY FOOL'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT! GRAB HIM!

IT'S TWO STORIES TO A CEMENT COURT-YARD BELOW.. HE'LL BE KILLED!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

BUT GEORGE BASCOM WAS NOT FATED TO DIE JUST THEN. MIRACULOUSLY, HE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET, STILL CLUTCHING THE PRECIOUS VOLUME OF SHAKESPEARE.



AND NOW FEAR GRIPPED THEM BOTH AS THEY WAITED IN SUSPENSE, AND EACH WAS THINKING THE SAME THOUGHT...IF THEY HAD TO, THEY WOULD KILL AGAIN!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

NO MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE
FOG CLEARED FROM GEORGE'S BRAIN..

W-WHERE..WHAT..
SOMETHING HIT ME
..EVERYTHING
WENT BLACK..

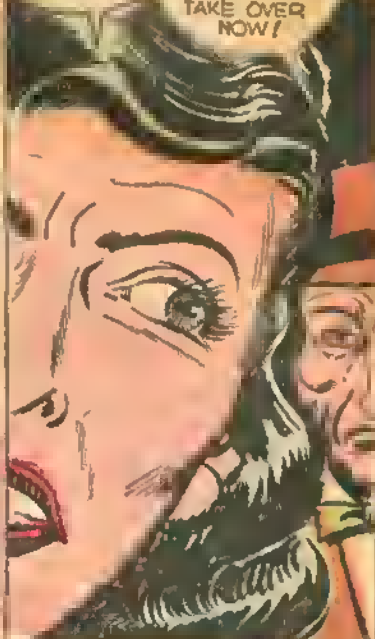
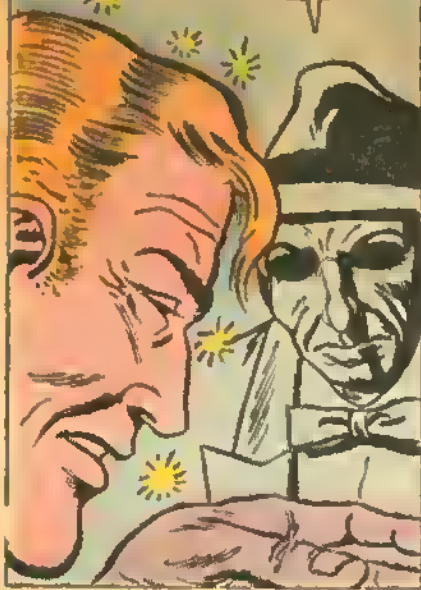
IT'LL GO BLACK
AGAIN FOR A
LONG, LONG
TIME UNLESS
YOU START
TALKIN'. WHO'VE
YOU BLABBED TO,
AND WHAT'D YOU
TELL 'EM?

GOT TO STALL,
THIS BOY MEANS
BUSINESS!

NOTHIN'..
I WAS ONLY
TRYIN' A LITTLE
BLACKMAIL!

HE'S LYING,
HARRY! HE'S
GOT SOME
KIND OF
PROOF
THAT I
KILLED THE
OLD HAG!
WHAT'LL WE
DO?

SHUT UP,
DO YOU WANT
THE WHOLE HOUSE
TO HEAR YOU?
I'M MIXED UP IN
THIS JUST AS
DEEP AS YOU
ARE, SO I'LL
TAKE OVER
NOW!



ONE MORE MURDER
MORE OR LESS DOESN'T
MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE
AT THIS STAGE OF THE
GAME! RIGHT IN THE
HEART, THAT'S THE BEST
WAY. NOT SO MESSY
WITH BLOOD!

WAIT!
LET'S TALK
THIS OVER!
I...

WE'LL TALK
IT OVER IN
HELL, BUD! NO
ONE'S LOUSIN'
UP THIS
LITTLE PLAN
NOW!

ONE MORE FOR GOOD LUCK,
AND THEN I'LL LUG 'IM OUT OF
HERE AND THROW 'IM IN THE
RIVER! THEN WE'LL.. HEY,
NOISES OUTSIDE THE FRONT
DOOR.. SOMETHING'S GOIN' ON!



AND AGAIN THE COLD FEAR
OF SUSPENSE CLUTCHED THEM
BOTH! WHO COULD BE THERE
AT THIS HOUR? THE SUPERINTENDENT
..A TELEGRAM PERHAPS, OR..

CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

The
BRAKE'S SCREECH-
ED, AND THE CAR
CAME TO A SUDDEN
STOP ON THE
SNOW-COVERED
ROAD IN...

The
**DEAD
OF
WINTER**

WHOA THERE, STRANGER! A
FLASH JUST CAME IN THAT SOME
GUY HELD UP A DRIVER BACK AT
HOLMSDALE, **KILLED** 'IM AN STOLE
HIS CAR. ONE CURIOUS ENOUGH,
JUST LIKE **YOURS!** I BEEN
TOLD TO CHECK EVERYONE
WHO COMES THROUGH
HERE...

W-WHY... THIS IS
PREPOSTEROUS!

I'LL CALL THE **GOVERNOR**
ABOUT THIS OUTRAGE! THAT
CAR... AND EVERYTHING IN IT
IS **ALIVE!** IT'S AN INSULT
TO A MAN OF MY
REPUTATION!

MEBBE SO,
MISTER...MEBBE
...SO...

BUT JUST TO
MAKE SURE, STAND
UP STRAIGHT AND
STRETCH YER HANDS
UP OVER YER
HEAD!

HANDLE MY SKIS
CAREFULLY, I'LL HAVE
YOUR BADGE FOR THIS
NONSENSE! I DON'T
SEE WHAT THIS
INDIGNITY IS GOING
TO PROVE, YOU
STUPID HICK!

IT'S TELLING ME SOMETHING
THAT **YOU'RE** NOT GONNA LIKE!
THEM SKIS DON'T BELONG TO
YOU, AT ALL!

I MAY BE ONLY A HICK COP, LIKE YOU SAY... BUT I
DO KNOW THAT SKIS COME IN DIFFERENT SIZES.
AND THAT THE TIPS OF A MAN'S SKIS ALWAYS REACH
TO HIS **PALMS!** YOU STOLE THESE SKIS, AND THE
CAR, TOO! YOU MAY BE TOO SMALL TO FIT THESE
HERE BOARDS, BUT YOU'RE BIG
ENOUGH TO SIT IN THE **ELECTRIC**
CHAIR! LET'S GET MOVING...

CRIME AND JUSTICE

THE EERIE WAILING OF A PRISON SIREN, THE CHATTER OF MACHINE GUN FIRE AND THE POPPING OF SMALL ARMS, SHOUTS, CURSES AND DEATH CRIES... AND OVER ALL OF IT THE ORANGE GLOW OF BURNING CELL BLOCKS AND THE ACRID SMELL OF SMOKE... THIS IS WHAT EVERY WARDEN AND EVERY GUARD OF OUR PRISONS FEAR MOST... THIS IS THE...

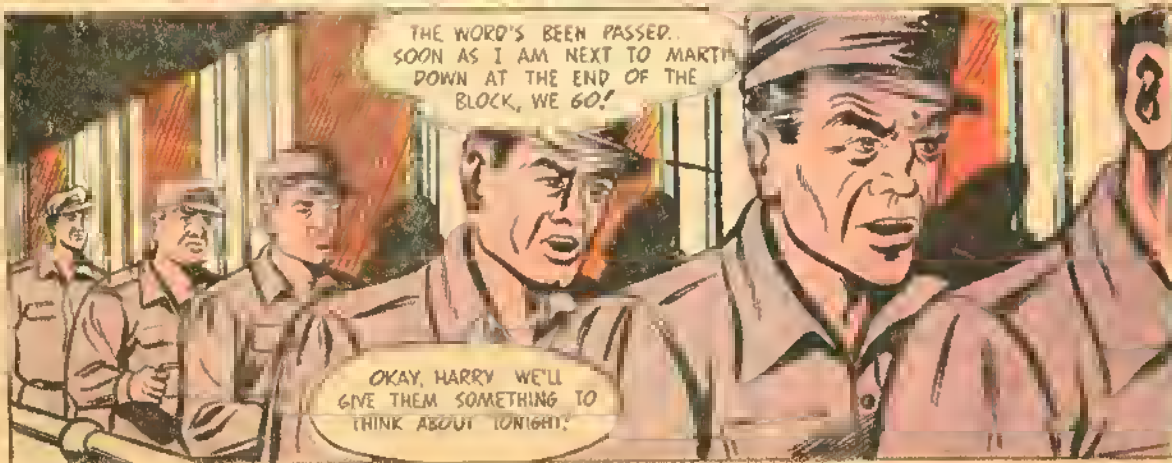
RIOT!

HURRY IT UP, YOU GUYS... I'LL HOLD OFF THE GUARD UP HERE!

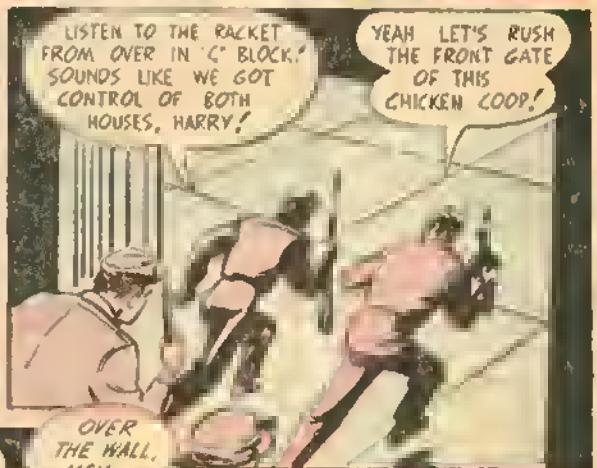
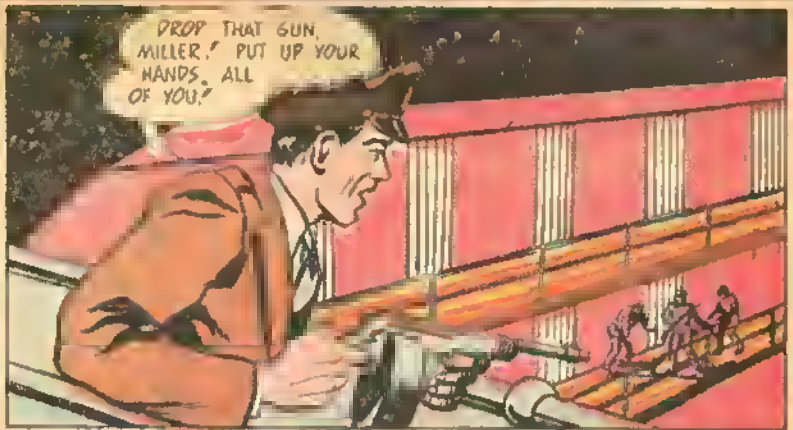


THE WORD'S BEEN PASSED... SOON AS I AM NEXT TO MARTIN DOWN AT THE END OF THE BLOCK, WE GO!

OKAY, HARRY WE'LL GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT TONIGHT!



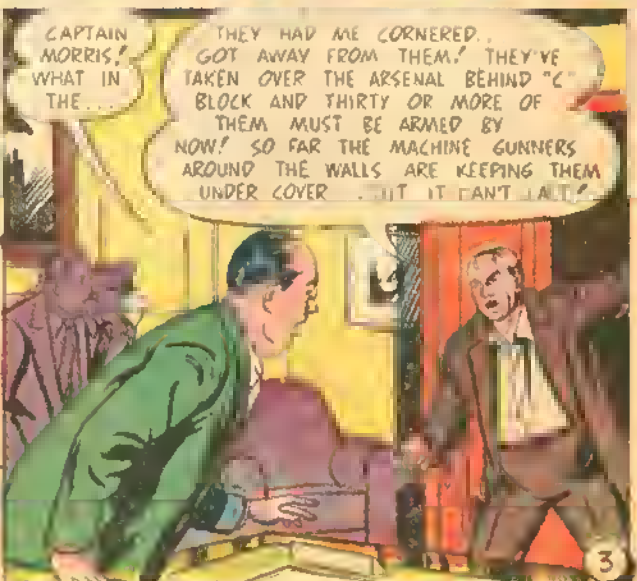
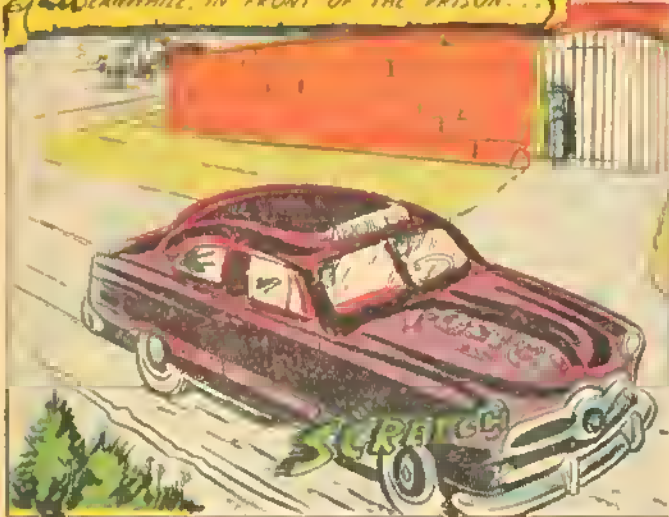
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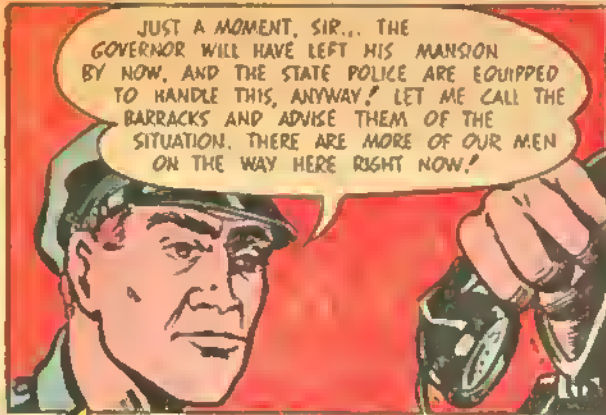
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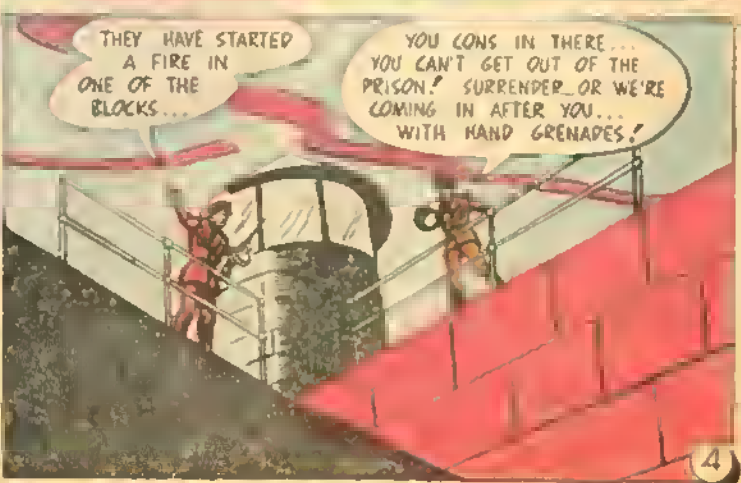
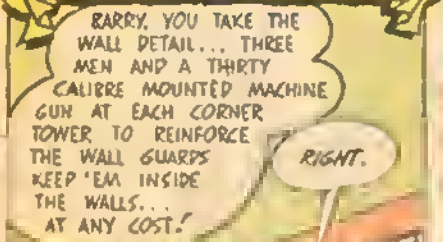
MEANWHILE, IN FRONT OF THE PRISON...



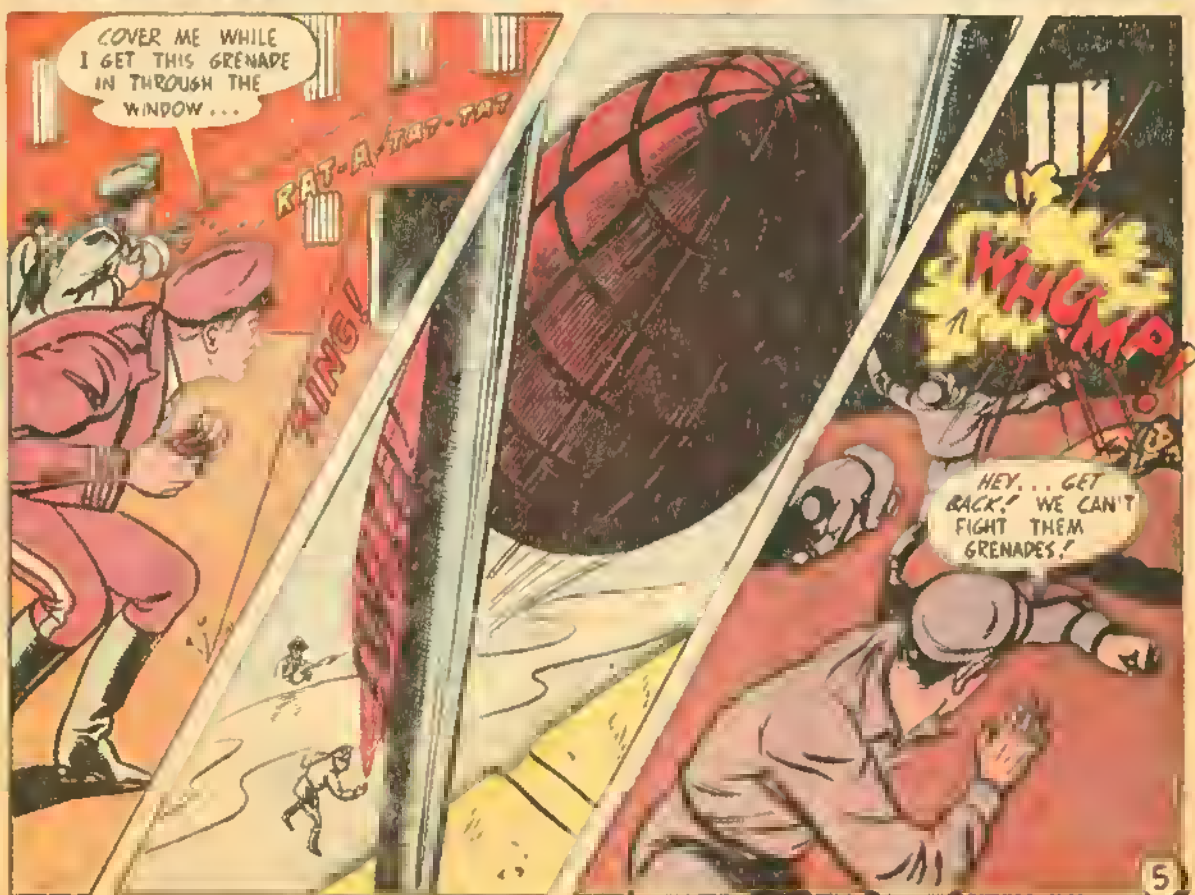
CRIME AND JUSTICE



A'S STATE POLICE DETAILS RESPOND TO TEX'S CALL...



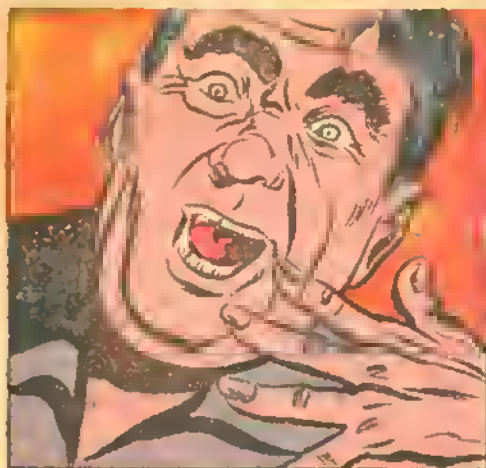
CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

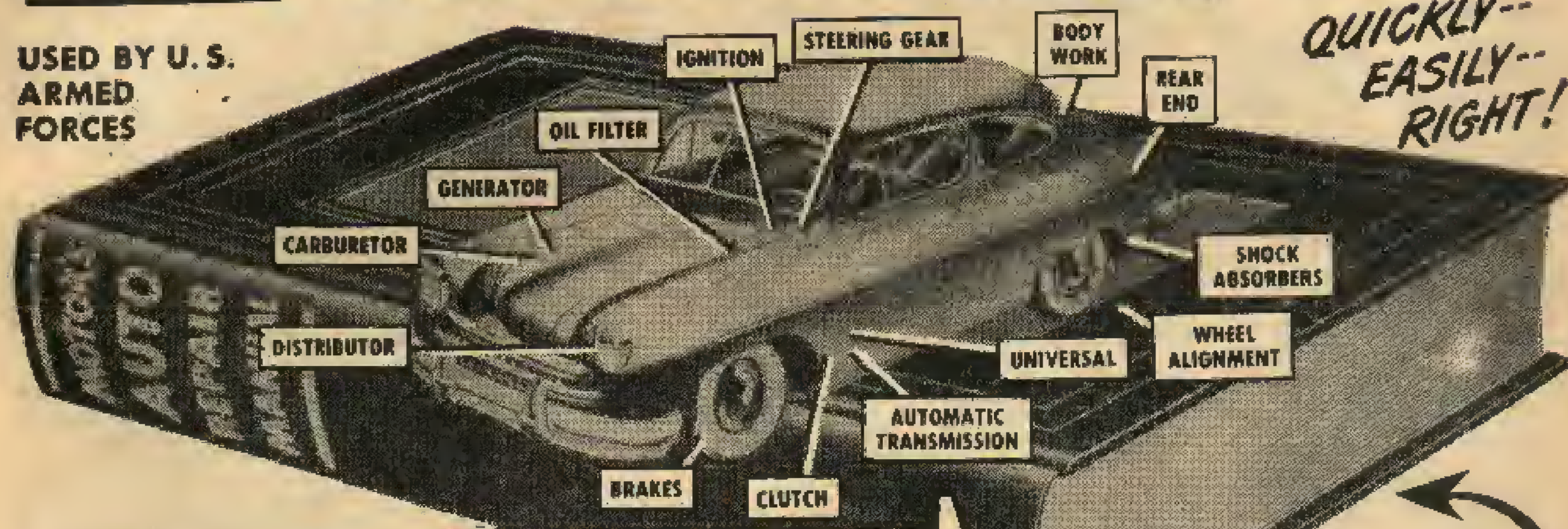


CRIME AND JUSTICE



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